

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. I.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1805.

Nº. 39.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

BY THE EASY CLUB.

*A man so various that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
And in the course of one revolving moon,
Was Chemist, Statesman, Fidler, and Buffoon.* DRYDEN.

NOTHING is of more consequence for the conduct of life, or the attainment of happiness, than independence of mind. That independence is meant, which after weighing every circumstance and hearing every argument, has the capacity of decidedly and firmly making its election, and of persevering even though wrong, until its own experience proves its judgment to have been erroneous.—When the importance of this firmness is considered, the observation, that perseverance even in the wrong is better than indecision, will not appear incorrect. Genius, originality, in short whatever extends the sphere of moral and literary knowledge, by bold inroads into unexplored regions, are the characteristics of the one; dulness, imbecility and depression of the other.

In the common walks of life, in the performance of our ordinary duties, and for the enjoyment of various minute sources of happiness, this firmness is indispensable, if equality of mind and consistency of conduct are desirable and estimable.

No state of mind is more unpleasant and uneasy than what is produced by irresolution and uncertainty, which can be avoided only, by an adherence to this principle, or by sinking into that state of apathy, which prostrating every faculty, renders the contemptible object a mere cypher, a mere dreamer in the watchful and busy scenes of active life.

A very trifling acquaintance with the world, will discover the vast contrariety of opinion which exists upon every subject, and more particularly where the attainment of happiness and the acquirement of knowledge are concerned.

A person not totally ignorant, cannot but contemplate with astonishment and apprehension, the wonderful ingenuity of the human intellect, which is capable of confounding even truth itself by the most powerful sophistry; which can produce unanswerable arguments to prove, what the united experience, and common sense of all mankind and of all ages, know to be false and fallacious.*

It behoves all those therefore, who are desirous of obtaining some given end, to decide upon the means firmly, according to the best of their powers of judging, and adhere to that opinion out of many which carries the most conviction. This exertion argues a due exercise of those powers which were bestowed for the purposes of enquiry and improvement, and will inevitably produce the consciousness of propriety in the pursuit, or that certainty of error, which is so far productive of improvement, that we are upon the discovery of it, put into another and probably the right tract. It is the wavering, undetermined mind that is to be avoided—that mind which resolving nothing within itself, varies with every wind that blows; that prosecutes no pursuit long; which attempts every thing and gains nothing; which has not the firmness of an undaunted enemy or the stability of a sincere and tried friend—which has no decided rule of conduct, and is open to the inroads of every contrary impulse.

We will now endeavour, by departing from this general view of the subject, to give an example of this character, which we have no doubt many of our readers can recognize by daily observation and by their own feelings.

SULPICIOUS had received a tolerable education, but as he was destined for the mercantile life, his progress in any one branch had not attained to maturity. Feeling a desire however to improve still more, he consoled himself with the idea, that his leisure time could be devoted to the gratification of his wishes. Being placed in a counting house, he began at intervals to carry his plans into execu-

* See Beattie's Essay upon truth, in allusion to Bishop Berkeley's system.

tion. In his attempts however he found more difficulties to encounter than he had imagined. Whilst at school he was acting under the authority and regulations of another—he did not suffer his wishes or laziness to indulge themselves, knowing it would be fruitless and unavailing—his daily task was therefore punctually executed. Finding himself his own master, and considering his studies as voluntary, the various interruptions that occur in a populous city added to an occasional fit of laziness and sometimes a puzzling passage, interfered considerably with his determinations, and long intervals in study were the consequence. Still his natural love of improvement induced him occasionally to persevere and he might finally have made some respectable progress, if he had been blessed with a little more firmness and decision. Some associate, without any serious desire to influence him, or interest in the subject, happening to ridicule the loss of so much time in useless studies, wondered he had not bestowed some portion of it to acquiring the French language, and a few common place remarks upon its mercantile utility and universality determined Sulpicius to transfer his attempts. A grammar was procured, and before the conjugations were perfectly mastered, he became disgusted with his new profession and determined to exchange it for one that he considered more liberal and congenial—a mere occasional hint produced this change. He heard the practices of some merchants much censured; indeed, a young physician of his acquaintance, treated the commercial character with so much contempt and ridicule, that he resolved to lose no time in abandoning them lest he should be contaminated with any further association. The grammar was totally forgot, and having commenced the study of physick at the instigation of his friend, he applied himself eagerly to whatever appertained to a knowledge of its duties; he could talk of nothing now but the utility of chemical and anatomical knowledge and the benevolent tendencies of his profession. His heart overflowed at the idea that he should one day be instrumental in doing so much good to his fellow creatures whilst he was at the same time procuring an honourable maintenance. The first impulse however being over, he became disgusted with the rubbish of a medical shop and the task of powdering stinking drugs; the contemplation of beds of disease while witnessing the extremities of pain and misery began to produce once more irresolution in his mind. He had seen, in the works of a late celebrated writer the profession not treated with that respect he had thought it merited—it was said that Disease and Death were the Doctors' harvest—the idea was excessively revolting to his feelings; and without examining the petty

sophism the remark contained he determined to abandon a life which was maintained by the wretchedness of others. Having seen a little more of the world and heard more impartial accounts of the utility and honour of the mercantile character, he would gladly have returned once more to the warehouse. It had been remarked in his presence, that the exercise of its concerns gave wealth to the nation and bread to thousands; that the members who directed them were generally as well informed as those of other classes divested of their professional knowledge, and that it was the most speedy mode of acquiring an independency.

He now regretted his former caprice—but it was too late—the time of his probation had elapsed and no one would be concerned with him without a capital and destitute of knowledge and experience for the performance of his part of the business—Time was creeping upon him, he had learned nothing, nor gained one step towards a maintenance.

Being a good-natured easy fellow however, he had conciliated some friends who took an interest in his welfare—One of them, a lawyer, suggested the study of the law as one of the most prominent professions in society, both as it related to its interest in obtaining justice and to the reputation of the professors, whose talents have adorned every post of consequence, on the bench and in the senate, and whose powers of oratory have extorted the admiration and applause of the world.

He offered the use of his books and assistance and finally prevailed on Sulpicius to make the attempt.

Some considerable progress was made in his new profession and he promised fair to reach at last above mediocrity. In the course of an evening's argument in company with some gentlemen of the law, he heard so many difficulties started as to ultimate success, the study was complained of as so dry and tedious, the competition of men of superior talents so much to be dreaded and the final certainty of sufficient practice so remote and doubtful, that in a fit of despondency he concluded to persevere no longer, nor destroy his health or blunt his faculties in poring over musty reports and law tracts—Tired and exhausted at length with this kind of doubt and uncertainty, he became miserable, and in despair entered in the navy, where soon after lost his life—

The same uncertainty which marked his pursuits in professional life, discovered itself in whatever related to his conduct in society—His politics and his associations were never upon a stable footing—Some petty disgust or crude notion were the causes. None of his acquaintances consi-

dered him upon his friends his enmity in it. He scarcely attended. He desired but could not find a method to add that he was warm or cold were the benefits. Possibly wishing to be contentedly wished celebrated in the world caused a wave. Thus with any acquirement life without securing any of happiness which

HISTORICAL

That the prophet the Messiah whence we may they spoke. Come to pass alone is able display to our providence, to show us what is there is in the world. There is in the world to be informed which he is to give to decypher of the past; the present; however every man in ignorance, in information any age to end they have always fate of others.

dered him as a valuable friend, for they could not calculate upon his friendship for any length of time—none dreaded his enmity, as he had not firmness sufficient to persevere in it. He varied his literary studies with the year and scarcely attained a smattering in any kind of knowledge. He desired to have good health and a strong constitution, but could never make up his mind what was the best method to adopt. He had read so many different theories, that he was undetermined whether early or late rising, the warm or cold bath, or exercise on foot or on horseback were the best, and his life was past in contrary experiments. Possessing a warm and benevolent heart and wishing to do good he was of service to nobody—He ardently wished to be a good christian, but the works of some celebrated infidels, if they did not produce conviction at least caused a wavering and unsettled state of mind.

Thus with various good qualities and a mind capable of any acquirement with perseverance, Sulpicius passed thro' life without establishing any fixed character, without securing any one's confidence and without obtaining that happiness which was eagerly sought after and desired.

~~~~~  
**FOR THE COMPANION.**

**HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.**

(Continued from page 303.)

**PROPOSITION II.**

That the prophecies of the Old Testament concerning the Messiah were fulfilled in every iota in Jesus Christ, hence we may conclude that he was the being of whom they spoke. God is the only being who knows all that is to come to pass, therefore no other can discover it to us: alone is able to disclose the hidden things of futurity, display to our view the various scenes in the womb of providence, to draw aside the impenetrable veil, and to show us what is in future to be transacted in the world.

There is in the breast of man an ardent desire to be acquainted with his future destiny; there is an insatiate thirst to be informed with respect to those scenes through which he is to pass; and curiosity by the past events gives to decypher those yet to come. Mortals know little of the past; they are but imperfectly conversant with the present; how should they know then the future?—though every man must be personally convinced of his ignorance, and of the folly of using any means to obtain information on futurity, yet men never have omitted in any age to endeavour to fathom the profound abyss.—they have always been trying to ascertain their own, and the fate of others. By the stars, by the flight of birds, by

the smoking entrails of sacrifices, and by many other ways have men who pretended to a spirit of prophecy deceived those simple enough to hearken to them. There has always been a number of pretended prophets amongst the heathen; those who had a little more natural ability and acquired knowledge than others surrounding them, have frequently employed it for no other purpose than to enslave the minds and lead captive the understandings and wills of those who were sufficiently credulous to listen to their reveries. The more they appeared to deal in the marvellous, the more were they respected. Some pretended themselves inspired by the gods; and the histories of the Greek, Roman, and other nations testify this to be a certain way of establishing an authority over the people who were addressed. Not only were there prophets but oracles also, which on being questioned, professed to impart a certain knowledge of future events to those who desired the information: there were several of these, though some were more famed than others. What is inspiration or revelation? inspiration is not that act of God, whereby in consequence of his general laws, he distributes ideas to his thinking creatures; this is natural, common to all intelligent beings. Inspiration supernatural, properly so called, is that act of God, by which according to his peculiar will, he communicates immediately to his creatures those truths which it pleases him to reveal, and which could not otherwise be known.

This inspiration includes nothing absurd or contradictory. God is not only master of the body, he is likewise lord of the spirit; he is the supreme governor of the spiritual, as well as the material world. Is not he all-powerful; and is it not probable he should upon an extraordinary occasion teach his creature in this way, that which he wished him to know?

Men always transmit their thoughts to each other by word, or by writing. This is a miracle; one which associates and binds us together in a sweet harmony. Is it not strange to ourselves how we hear the sounds proceeding from the mouth of a fellow creature; how it is we see the different objects around us; and more strange still, how this which could be apprehended by material things only, should be the means of conveying impressions to our immaterial soul, and of affecting it with those diversified sensations which we experience? But if the eternal God hath established so intimate and direct a connection between the soul and matter, that the one becomes the occasion of its ideas to the other, how much more easy may it be to him, to make to pass from him to the soul those thoughts which please him, and to instruct man in a di-



rect way, in that which in the order of nature, and by the circuitous rout of the senses could not be known by the soul. Independent of the immediate communication of words, why may not our senses which are the continual causes of the presence of ideas to us serve also in the hands of God for the same purpose. God can influence the mind of man, and instruct him in the nature of those events, which are to be manifested in the world; and although we are not acquainted with the peculiar mode which he adopts for this purpose, we ought not on this account altogether to reject revelation.

The matter of divine revelation will always be truth; and as the choice and measure of the truths revealed depend on God who reveals them, they will be free from falsity or error: for it is necessary that in all things requisite to be believed as divine revelation, God himself should have presided in instructing the mind of him who is the mean of conveying it to us.

It is of no importance in what style, by what words, whether in figurative or plain language, the instruction is given, if the proper ideas are implied. The nature of the Jewish prophecy is such, that there is an inseparable connection between all the prophets;—and a proof of the divine inspiration of the first prophet who appeared among them, will be applicable to all those who succeeded him. Of all the people on the face of the earth, none appear to have any right to boast of prophets and prophecies except the Jews; almost from the beginning of the world, God permitted illustrious men to dwell among them, destined to foretell those wonders which he had resolved to execute. Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph; and after his death arose Moses the chief, the lawgiver and prophet of the Jews, and many others in succession; for at no time from him to Malachi can the Jews be said to have been without prophets. Very different were the ways God employed to instruct them. Sometimes by dreams he revealed to them that which was to be performed; at other times by sensible visions, and unforeseen signs; to some he showed himself in a burning light in the clouds; others he made to hear a voice after an articulate manner; but most commonly he infused the inspired matter into the mind. God spoke directly to Moses, but when he was dead, the will of God was known by the Urim and Thummim. The conduct of the prophets was frequently demonstrative of the truth of their pretensions. Their manner of life was extraordinary, a life of labour, hardship and penury. They lived not in courts, pomp, or splendour; never appeared at the palace of the kings but when the spirit had given them a message to deliver;

were never observed in cities but to discharge the duties of their office: and excepting these transitory public appearances, they lived in the country, far retired from the commerce of the people: about them were their disciples whom they instructed in the different subjects imparted to them; here innocence found a safe asylum, ignorance perfect light. Such a situation was no doubt a poor one, and the prophets were sometimes in want almost of the necessaries of life.

We find something remarkable in their style; how sublime and august are many of the descriptions interspersed through all the Old Testament!

It is of the utmost importance that we be able to distinguish between true and false prophets; and nothing less than the exact agreement of the event with the prediction, and the similarity of the prophet to Moses could determine the belief of the Jews. But how might the prophets themselves know when they were under the influence of the spirit of God. By that power of working miracles of which many instances might be adduced; and by those particular signs and personal intimations which God himself gave them of his presence.

(To be continued.)

#### FOR THE COMPANION.

#### THE PEDESTRIAN.

#### FIRST RAMBLE CONCLUDED.

“Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
..... Let me see,  
My tongue hath wrong’d him?—if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong’d himself—if he be free  
Why then my taxing, like a wild-goose, flies  
Unclaimed of any man.”

SHAKESPEARE.

Such is the inward satisfaction, on having performed a good act—and such is the sure reward of choosing wise or virtuous companions. I derive peculiar pleasure from witnessing the effects of transcendent benevolence and goodness in the character of my inestimable friend LEANDER; and consider as one of the greatest favours I have received from a bountiful Providence, my having been honoured with the friendship and the confidence of such a man. For how seldom do we see a young lad, just freed from the discipline of his tutors, seek for his future associates in the quiet walks of moral prudence;—but, on the contrary, how common—I had almost said, how natural—for him, when he struts and looks big, on having escaped from the walls wherein he had thought himself restrained, to hunt the idle crowd—where giddy girls and effeminate men figure away in the (supposed) flowery path of thoughtless indolence—here to find a companion—not “safe,” nor “easy”—

but alas  
of dang  
contriti  
of this v  
when

“H  
To hin  
Who,  
Is quit  
In tha  
Raves  
Runs t  
But sh  
On all  
A little  
O mig  
And fi  
Her ve  
She he  
Like a  
Pursue  
Nor m  
Till, f  
At onc

Let m  
readers—  
am too s  
friend ha  
fali in w  
ander is a  
cent plea  
this acco  
that mos  
reflection  
the servic  
advocate

In pass  
der repea  
zeal, as b  
We walk  
city—but  
ous Lect  
JONATHA  
harangue  
horns. V  
who comp  
to himsel  
hasty mis  
Leander t  
discover  
kettle in h  
ly what thi



but alas, one, whose want of thought, is an awful source of danger; and whose want of virtue, is the cause of hard contrition, or of endless misery. Hung to the elbow of this vapid fool, a few years of violent mirth may ensue, when

“How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!

To him that is at ease in his possessions!  
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,  
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come.  
In that dread moment, how the frantick soul  
Raves round the wall of her clay tenement,  
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help;  
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks  
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's.  
A little longer, yet a little longer,  
O might she stay to wash away her stains!  
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!  
Her very eyes weep blood; and ev'ry groan  
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,  
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,  
Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life,  
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;  
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,  
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin!”

Let me here observe to the more volatile part of your readers—to some of those who begin to complain that I am too serious for “the Pedestrian”—that Leander and his friend have not sworn to laugh at every thing they may fall in with in the course of their rambles. Though Leander is a sprightly young fellow, remarkably fond of innocent pleasantry, yet it would ill become his biographer, in this account of their perigranation through life, to neglect that most prominent trait in his character, or to suppress the reflections necessarily resulting from it, which binds him to the service of his God, and constitutes him the unwearied advocate of a pure religion.

In passing a grave-yard, on our return to town, Leander repeated the above impressive passage, with such a zeal, as banished, for a time, all lighter considerations. We walked in serious silence towards the interior of the city—but had not proceeded far when we met with a curious Lecturer on fashions. Leander said his name was JONATHAN PLUMPUDDING. Be that as it may he was haranguing with much warmth on the *beauty of artificial horns*. We took our stand in the midst of a few beaux who composed his audience. I heard Leander muttering to himself—horns! Being somewhat apprehensive that a hasty misconception of the orator's meaning might induce Leander to act improperly in the present case, as I could discover nothing in possession of the former but a small kettle in his left hand, I desired my friend to hear patiently what this new doctrine was. To which proposition he had

but just conceded, when a bustling movement of the company excited some interest. DICKY FOLLOWMODE was become a convert to the new doctrine, and really plaistering his enormous foretop with a decoction of *glue*—which appeared to be the liquid in the orator's kettle—he was busied in twisting the long locks before into something like horns—these he contended would have a happy effect in setting off a gallant's head—and the proper tending of them would furnish ample employment for that part of his time which was by some people spent in useful conversation—for when his hat was off he could smooth up, and give them their proper set; by which practice the moisture of the fingers would impart a beautiful gloss. Having suffered him to complete his beastlike head-dress, some laughed heartily at Dicky's stupidity: But on his desiring the preacher to hand him a razor, Leander lost all patience. How can this blockhead, he exclaimed, be so contemptibly ridiculous as to shave the hinder part of his head, baring the unseemly nape, while he rears into apparent horns the surplus crop before. I soon discovered that the orator would have many followers, for another now raising his voice, from the same side declared, ‘it were better to adopt this plan ‘in imitation of the Ox, than, like Owls, continue to hide ‘our faces, as was the present fashion.’ While the orator was thus describing the advantages of twisted artificial horns, a youth pressed forward through the crowd, as if anxious to hear distinctly the subject of the discourse; his flaxen hair, which appeared to have been naturally inclined to curl, was carefully brushed upwards on both sides of his head, to the middle of his crown, so as to form a ridge like a comb of a Cock; he strongly attracted the attention of Leander, who whispered to me that he was undoubtedly well entitled to the appellation *Coxcomb*, from the success which had attended his exertions to give his head that appearance; this youth immediately succeeded Jonathan by an address to the much amused auditors in favour of his manner of ornamenting the head by giving it the bold and martial appearance of a helmet. Leander's passions had already raised considerably above the reasoning point—and he was considering whether it were better to chastise the philosopher or the coxcomb—But on turning about discovered Dicky actually under the influence of the razor, which was in a fair way of rendering the *hind* as little encumbered as the *inner* part of his head.—This was too much—snatching the kettle from the director of fashion; without enquiring whether the horns or combs were more numerous, he threw the contents directly in Dicky's face—who, supposing his fellow convert behind had cut the top of his head, roared out, “he was murdered, he was murdered, that he was!”



his terrifying yells, and the roar of laughter from every side, soon hastened the arrival of that moment, in which we thought Prudence whispered—*be off*.

On the way to our lodgings, I endeavoured to convince Leander that, in his zeal to reform, he used too little discrimination. Your treatment of the silly fellow in the meadow, said I, was well enough, as the simpleton would hear no defence of the practice of bleeding in any case, because, forsooth, a man *may* be bled to death. But FOLLOWMODE's offence endangered no one materially—to be sure a person, I will acknowledge, looks very silly with the back part of his head shaved, and the front covered to a great depth with a load of hair, whose twisted branches hang down over the eyes, thereby blinding the carrier of the oppressive load—nor is this any great improvement, to bedaub and raise up the stiffened parts, like unto a Porcupine; but this is a mere matter of opinion, and if they do adopt the practice, I cannot consent to your dictatorial plan of putting them down—provided they have none projecting sideways so as to endanger the eyes of other people who may have to come on the same side of the street. You may with the same propriety say, that no person shall wear more than two pair of gloves at a time this warm weather; or a coat with more than four thicknesses of padding on the shoulders: either of which we have an undoubted right to do, if it suit our pleasure. Leander acknowledged there was some justice in my remarks—but added, very seriously, that he could not look on tamely and see a decent young man so disfigure himself. RARIO.

~~~~~  
Mr. Easy,

Not having been long an inhabitant of Baltimore, I was a few evenings since much surprised, at hearing a native of the city, and a young man of good appearance too, contend with great warmth, that the ladies of his acquaintance were not, all united, worth a serious moment. I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of my sensations of horror at so violent—may I not say so *vile*—a declaration: for be it known, I was educated in a northern state where external ornament, and boisterous language, are not alone sufficient to prove every *upright thing a well-bred man*. Though there needed no argument to convince me of the incorrectness of his opinions, yet he had been introduced as a gentleman—and he, with two or three others like him, had “chartered” (to use one of his own elegant phrases) several of us girls as companions for the evening—I was therefore irremediably doomed to suffer the

* * * * *
No; I beg pardon, my dear sir, for a slight appear-

ance of spirit, a quality so unbecoming in a female; I will not declaim against a being, on whom satire would be lost; but, like the passive Roman, the noble Anthony, when speaking of the murderers of Cæsar, admit that, *these were all honourable men*.

MR. HAIRBRAIN (my hero's name) would never forgive me for the above allusion to history, should I sign my own name, for he *has said* women have no information, and his proud spirit cannot descend to acknowledge an error—this were only proper in the “weaker sex” whose weakness it is to be ever erring, ever in the wrong—consequently their duty is to submit to the infallible decrees of their lords and masters.

You, Mr Easy, our professed friend, are no doubt wondering that I should consent to stifle my real sentiments, when in the company of this *honourable man*. Now I have a Maryland reason, a “mighty good” reason, for this—which I may hereafter in confidence disclose—in the mean time remember that the truth is not to be told at all times—and remember too, this awful paradoxical truth, that philosophers have loved, they knew not whom nor wherefore. As it would be deemed the highest egotism in me to launch out into the praise of my own talents or learning; I will not attempt any such thing: but my intention is to let you know that Mr. Hairbrain, and such men as Mr. Hairbrain, use us very ungenteelly when they say we are constituted only of such light, trifling, airy or ethereal particles, as render us unworthy the society of men of sense. I say, sir, when such a declaration is made by a fopling persecutor of my sex, who knows not the substance of one chapter in ancient or modern history, who knows no difference between the “Spectator eruditus” of STEELE and ADDISON, and the “Spectator improbus” at a card-table; it is impossible that any honest person, male or female, can keep their temper.

I hope now, my dear Mr. Easy, you will not say I was beginning to scold—or, if I was, that it was without cause: for if you only knew how I am sometimes provoked by this young man, you would pity me.—If you could see what my mother terms a beautiful young girl, possessed of many excellent accomplishments, perpetually harassed by a silly fellow, “who, somehow I can't hate,” I know the goodness of your heart would induce you to commiserate me. That ingenuous sensibility of soul, which renders man truly “the noblest work of God,” which urges him to further the comforts, the happiness, of his species, will be a sufficient inducement for you to convey the substance of this my just complaint before the city. You

will at the
unfit to me
tional, and
norance of
think our t
have so muc
tus as to la
him;—it de
tures—or th
when theirs

N. B. If
ing; Mr. E
that, unlike
the gentlem

The above
at our last m
unanimously
President that
tion, and no
they do not in
and behave w
the flimsy tex
their absurd
uch severe an
company of t
onsider it the
he ladies from
dent that the
discountenanc
nt cynics int

It is with re
arius in an es
as so widely c
ints out and v
vil institution
om governme
vernment, ar
his essay evid
we hope he
oper subject.
WIDE SLEE
their answers
got that ther
least some of
her of them—
very angry, v

will at the same time let him know that, because a man is unfit to meet his female acquaintance on the ground of rational, and useful conversation—that because his own ignorance of all literary taste and information induces him to think our talk foolish and unmeaning—that because we have so much of the good-natured philosophy of Democritus as to laugh at the absurd fooleries of such beaux as him;—it does not follow, that we are all illiterate creatures—or that we are always most agreeably entertained when their silly attempts to please excite laughter.

Your injured friend, EDITH.

N. B. If any person should wilfully mistake my meaning; Mr. Easy will do me the justice to inform them that, unlike *some* male criticks, I do not condemn all of the gentlemen, as unable to please rationally.

The above complaint of EDITH was laid before the Club at our last meeting; and the conduct of Mr. HAIRBRAIN unanimously condemned. It was then ordered by the President that her letter should be published in the Companion, and notice given to the Hairbrained gentry, that if they do not in future speak more respectfully of the ladies, and behave with more decent propriety in their presence, the flimsy texture of their brains, so strongly evidenced by their absurd and silly conduct, shall not save them from such severe animadversions as shall exclude them from the company of the fair sex. The EASY CLUB will always consider it their duty, as it is their inclination, to protect the ladies from insult and impertinence; and they feel confident that the virtuous and the good will all give their aid to discountenance the admission of impertinent fops and insolent cynics into respectable society.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is with regret that we observe our correspondent Belarius in an essay which we have lately received from him, as so widely deviated from the plan which our prospectus points out and which cannot be departed from—the abuse of civil institutions and the inconveniences and evils resulting from governments generally, or from particular forms of government, are subjects not suited to the Companion; but his essay evidences both inclination and ability to assist us, we hope he will employ his first leisure on some more proper subject.

WIDE SLEEVES, SHORT JACKET, and TOM TIPPY, their answers to Jonathan Plumpudding seem to have got that there are many others in this city to whom at least some of his remarks will apply as properly as to her of them—Mr. Wide Sleeves in particular, appears to be very angry, we hope when he coolly considers the mat-

ter, instead of railing at Jonathan, he will put a tuck in his sleeves and a few buttons on his vest, and by quitting the extremes of fashion advance nearer to the bounds of reason.

PRISCILLA PARSONS shall be attended to next week, and altho' we cannot promise to give her the information she requests, we hope by publishing her letter to obtain from some of our fair readers, such information as will be much more useful to her and other young ladies on their first arrival from the country.

Our fair correspondent MARIA has long neglected us; her time is so happily, so usefully employed in more pleasing occupations, we dare scarcely intrude a wish, that she should dedicate much of it to the purpose of adorning our pages; but if in some moments of leisure she should feel inclined to instruct and amuse her own sex, or correct the foibles of ours, we feel satisfied that she will not forget to gratify us by communicating her valuable essays.

On CAROLINE we have a large claim on behalf of the public; she who can write so well, cannot employ her leisure time more usefully—the possessor of talents and genius owes to mankind their useful exertion; the beneficent Giver requires that they should not be hid in the earth.

What has become of the OLD BACHELOR? We begin to suspect, that he has most agreeably disqualified himself by marriage from using that title—however his essays under a different signature, even *Benedict*, or any other that might signify a *married man* will not be less acceptable—but if still under the necessity, we beg pardon, we mean at liberty to rail at matrimony, and paint the joys of single life, we hope we shall shortly be favored with some of his lucubrations.

From the number of communications both in prose and verse received by the Easy Club during the last week, they have reason to believe that their correspondents have aroused from that lethargic supineness which had tended so much to cause a scarcity of original matter in the Companion, and a want of that variety which is most generally interesting in a weekly paper. They also acknowledge with pleasure the favours of several new correspondents, some of which are inserted and others are under consideration; the Club are anxious to encourage genius, but if as their duty requires, they sometimes omit to notice some of the communications, the youthful essayist must not be discouraged from making a second attempt.

We request our new correspondents to use some other signature than a single letter, to prevent the confusion which necessarily results from two or more using the same signature.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PARAPHRASE OF GRAY'S ODE TO THE CHARTREUSE.

Power of these awful regions hail!
 For sure some mighty genius roves
 With step unheard, or loves to sail
 Unseen along these cliffs and groves.

O'er the wild mountain's stormy waste,
 The shatter'd crag's impending breast,
 And rocks by mortal feet untrod;
 Deep in the murmuring night of woods,
 Or 'mid the headlong roar of floods,
 More bright I view the present God.

More bright than if in glittering state,
 O'er-canopied with gold, he sat,
 The pride of Phidian art confess'd—
 Hail! power sublime, thy vot'ry shield,
 O listen to my lay, and yield
 A young but weary wanderer rest.

But if from rest and silence torn,
 And these lov'd scenes—I roam afar,
 By fate's returning surge down born,
 To toss in care's tumultuous war—

Grant me secure from toil and strife
 And all the vain alarms of life
 And all the rabble's feverish rage,
 Remote in some secure retreat,
 At least to pass in freedom sweet,
 The solitude of age.

R.

LYDIA'S BOSOM.

Can aught be colder than the mountain snow
 Or when in ice the madden'd torrent's hush'd?
 Yes, Lydia's bosom never felt a glow,
 Ne'er through her breast the fire of love has rush'd.

Yet snow may melt beneath the solar beam,
 Loosen'd the torrent wild from icy chain
 O'er air-hung rocks may dash in foaming stream,
 Or gently wander through the spreading plain;

So Lydia's bosom, warm'd beneath the ray
 Which mild affection darts from Henry's eye;
 The summer sun may feel of genial May,
 And melt in pity as its ices fly.

YELSE.

THE RECALL.

Ah why, lov'd Maria, thus leave me to languish:
 While I thus so sadly thy absence bemoan?
 In pity return, for thy Strephon in anguish,
 Must mourn, while he wanders the vallies alone.

For O lovely maiden! those sweet pleasant bowers,
 Where oft in fond rapture we carelessly rove'd!
 While mutual affection made sweeter the hours,
 Have lost all their charms since from them you remov'd.

Then quickly return for 'tis thou who canst cheer me,
 'Tis Maria can ease this sad breast of its pain,
 Then come, lovely maiden! for till thou art near me,
 Still, still, must thy Strephon in sorrow complain.

STREPHON.

SUMMER—A FRAGMENT.

Now blazing Sol darts his bright rays upon us,
 Burning the grass and drying all the pools up;
 Even the brick-yards feel that he's a tippler,
 So do the Bull-frogs.

See how the grass is burnt for want of sprinkling,
 Gardens and corn-fields, all as dry as tinder,
 Hick'ries that once were tough as India-rubber
 Snap like a Corn-cob.

Look at the pumps—e'en they're enough to fright one;
 Raw head and bloody bones, "sudden death" upon 'em;
 "Don't drink cold water," rather go to Beck's and
 Swallow an ice cream.

O how provoking 'tis in such warm weather,
 To be obliged to sleep with windows clos'd up
 Tight as a pill-box, 'cause the Doctor tells me
 "Keep out the night air."

Still more perplexing 'tis, when sleep affrighted
 Flies up the chimney—no where else to get out—
 Leaving poor me to roll and tumble all night
 Bit by Mosquitoes.

What's to be done? why we must grin and bear it,
 Patience, and Time, will bring about the winter;
 Then we can sit at home and sing and smook and
 Drink apple-toddy

BIRE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Easy Club hope soon to find
 Their Correspondents all inclin'd
 Again to give their wonted aid,
 Which many have so long delay'd.
 They anxiously expect to see
 Some verse from X. from F. and B.
 Clara, Llewellyn, Solus too;
 Who all must own, that much is due
 From them, who write as pleasing strains
 As ever grac'd Arcadian plains.
 Would they employ their leisure time
 To aid us, or in prose or rhyme
 We could supply each week with ease
 "A safe Companion" that would please;
 No place for extracts we'd allow,
 But ALL ORIGINAL AS NOW.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
 COLE & HEWES,
 4 NORTH CHARLES-STREET.

VOL. I.

PRICE OF THE
 HALF-YEARLY
 THE CITY, WI

Let cott
 Revere
 Resort
 And as

The evil com
 d for sometin
 many urger
 ve from time
 y police prov
 lge; but it is
 actice, and
 haps do not
 the sacred du
 ofaning the
 usly disposed
 uction, and
 me of the deli
 icule than ser
 we received
 ore pointed, u
 esent admoni

r. Easy,
 Knowing tha
 ns of our cou
 pose, I chuse
 am so unfashio
 ord's day, and
 ns to justify t
 girl-a-gig fello
 ode of killing